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THE CHILDREN OF THE UNIVERSE

SCHEVEL TZITLONOK

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To

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THE CHILDREN OF THE UNIVERSE

A PLAY

PROLOG FIVE ACTS EPILOG

BY

SCHEVEL TZITLONOK

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR
1921

Gift of Dr. Carl Holliday

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To
TOLEDO UNIVERSITY
WHERE
I RECEIVED THE INSPIRATION
FOR THIS PLAY

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

For the valuable and patient assistance given me in interpreting my conceptions in a tongue which was new to me at the time I wrote this play, I wish to thank my wife Anna Scherff Tzitlonok; Vera Colbert wife of Roy Colbert former instructor at Toledo University, Toledo, Ohio; and Georgia Irvin, a former student at the Milwaukee State Normal School, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

SCHEVEL TZITLONOK.

M319258

THE CHILDREN OF THE UNIVERSE

PROLOG.

A Chemical Laboratory.

ACT 1—SCENE 1

The moving of worlds in TIME and SPACE.

SCENE 2

An early spring morning in a beautiful valley on the EARTH.

ACT 2

A lake in a forest.

ACT 3—SCENE 1

The journey of MAN to the Road of Thots.

SCENE 2

The Road of Thots on which HEALTHY REASON appears.

ACT 4

A dark forest, the kingdom of the YELLOW DEVIL, inhabited by the tribes of SUPERSTITIONS.

ACT 5

The valley of OPPORTUNITY and BEAUTY.

EPILOG.

The appearance of ABSTRACT on the stage.

CHARACTERS

DOCTOR

A medium-sized man. Wears glasses. Dressed in a white tunic—laboratory coat.

"HE"

Dark, strong face. Taller than DOCTOR. Dressed the same, but without glasses.

ABSTRACT

Tall and graceful in appearance. Walks airily Dressed in a black mantle.

ORCHESTRA

A group representing different plants, animals, men, insects, fish, and birds is playing.

UNIVERSE

A strong middle-aged woman with an iron rod in her right hand. Has a large strong-featured face.

MYSTERY

A figure dressed in a flowing black robe.

TIME

A tall, strong woman with wings outstretched. Dressed in a flowing white robe. Scythe in hand.

SPACE

Tall and strong as TIME. Clothed in colors of the sky.

BACILLUS

A little girl whose face is covered with a gray veil.

MAN

Tall and thin with a queer, pale, suffering face. Dressed in old clothes on which are many patches.

ANIMAL

Strong and rough in appearance with face and feet of an animal. Dressed in fur.

PLANT

A middle-aged woman, graceful in appearance; an expressionless and rather stupid-looking face. Dressed in green leaves and grass.

MINERAL

A young woman with an innocent and timid face. Dressed in clothes spangled with different forms of crystals.

LIFE and DEATH

Two graceful youths full of energy. Both alike. Dancing around facing each other, grasping hands crossed.

PHILOSOPHY

A young woman who carries in her hand a scroll. Dressed in white with a long loose black robe.

KNOWLEDGE

A little boy. Wears glasses. Pulls a child's ex-

press wagon filled with several books and models of mechanical and electrical toys. He has several books in a strap, thrown over the left shoulder.

Healthy Reason

A tall man with broad shoulders. Very strong. Proportionally built. A gray beard.

Body

An old, awkward man dressed in flesh color. Body is covered with wounds and sores of different diseases. He moves around and smells; speaks roughly and demands persistently, "I want to eat, eat, eat, and drink."

Soul

An old crippled woman with a wrinkled face turned to the left side. Dressed in an old black mantle. Carries a cane and speaks sufferingly and coughs.

Yellow Devil

A large figure of a devil with golden horns. A sarcastic expression, big mouth, and large abdomen. Dressed in bright golden color. Strapped on the left side is a large bag filled with golden coins which he scatters broadcast wherever he appears.

Faith, Love, Hope

Three beauties. In white flowing robes, with hair loose and free.

New Conceptions

A battalion of new conceptions, all brave youths. Dressed in white, with swords on the right side and pistols on the left side.

The Tribe Of Superstitions

All dressed in old clothes upon which are many patches.

One Of The Superstitions

Dressed as the others.

Opportunities

Maidens with wings. Dressed in rose and white. Graceful, dancing and flitting nymph-like from place to place.

Childhood

Youth

PROLOG

THE CHILDREN OF THE UNIVERSE

PROLOG

Time—late at night. Outside it is lightening, thundering, and raining.

A large laboratory with windows at either end of the front wall; between the windows a large blackboard at the left of which are cases of books. At the right side near the window is a desk on which are several manuscripts and a large note-book. Near the window on the left side is a table upon which is a large vat. In the center of the room are other tables upon which are different apparatuses, many bottles with drugs, and beakers.

The Doctor is sitting at the desk, writing.

DOCTOR

(*Gets up from the desk, goes to one of the tables; takes different crystals from the dishes; exclaims*:)

How wonderful are the crystals! How symmetrical and graceful are their forms! How wonderful are the laws of God in chemistry! I see in all these laws a great harmony and behind the harmony, a personality—God.

(*Assumes a prayerful attitude and prays*:)

Oh God, I thank Thee for creating the world, for

creating me—man—in Thy image, for creating for us the plants, animals, minerals, daylight, and night; for giving us faith, hope, and love. Give us strength to carry on our work. Save our nation, help us in war. I thank Thee for ruling the world with righteousness. Help us to care for our brothers and sisters—the unfortunates who go down in the struggle. Help us to safeguard our nation. Help us to be inventive for our nation's sake. And when life is over prepare for us a place in heaven. Amen.

(*Goes to the vat, puts in some powders, then writes a formula on the board and exclaims:*)

A wonderful thing, a wonderful thing!

(*The blackboard cracks where the formula is written; out bursts a flame from which* "He" *appears.*)

"He"

(*Laughs.*)

Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Doctor

(*Staggers back in fright, shielding his face with his arm.*)

What is this? Who are you?

(*More calmly.*)

I don't understand. What is the matter?

"He"

I am the embodiment of your formula. I was born

deep in the centuries of your formulas. I am the other side of you and of the vision that your grandfather Moses saw in the bush.

DOCTOR

Please leave me alone. Don't disturb my quiet soul. It is impossible for me to consider my formulas. I am afraid I'll have to discard my past. Please leave me alone.

"HE"

Very well, but you may expect me to return at any time. Good-bye, Doctor.

("HE" *leaves the laboratory.*)

DOCTOR

(*Irresolute. After some hesitation, goes to the vat; pauses; then places some more powders therein. Exclaims:*)

A wonderful thing! A wonderful thing!

(*An explosion takes place in the vat from which appears* "HE". *Music plays.*)

DOCTOR

(*Staggers back, but recovers more quickly than before.*)

Oh, here you have come back to poison my soul! Leave me alone! What do you want?

"HE"

I want to look over some of your studies and ask you some questions.

DOCTOR

Don't ask me anything. I am afraid to answer many of your questions.

"HE"

(*Takes a bottle and reads:*)

"For analysis. The soil from the valley of the Nile".

(*Turning to the Doctor.*)

Why don't you make this analysis?

DOCTOR

(*Sighs.*)

The analysis, I——I—I am afraid-d-d-d.....

"HE"

(*Makes the analysis himself.*)

(*Meantime the Doctor watches fearfully.*)

"HE"

(*Writes on the blackboard; reads:*)

"The valley of the Nile, Egypt; analysis shows the Nile makes a deposit of soil over its valley each year and there are over two million of these deposits."

DOCTOR

(*Fearfully and timidly.*)

Didn't I tell you not to make this analysis?

"HE"

(*Goes to desk and reads from the note-book in a monotone, turning pages and reading at random.*)

"Notes of knowledge. Organic chemistry treats of the products of all organic life: animals, plants, and man." (*Turns page.*) "And now organic and inorganic chemistry could be studied together. Biology—the life processes in man are the same as in the animal. Anatomy—the construction of their tissues are the same. Man has very suspicious rudiments." (*Turns page.*) "Man cannot live without food, water, oxygen, nitrogen, and many other elements. He belongs to the omnivorous class but eats more flesh than any other animal in the world."

DOCTOR

(*Struggling with his emotions, says:*)

You are a cynic. You'd better leave the laboratory.

"HE"

(*Quickly looking up from the book.*)

Take off your mask! Take a look at yourself! I will stay here until I have completed your formulas.

DOCTOR

(*Sits in chair, resignedly, and tries to read.*)

(*Outside it is lightening and thundering; the wind blows the window open and* ABSTRACT *enters.* ABSTRACT *moves softly and swiftly, shakes a warning finger at* "HE" *saying, "Sh-h-h"; walks to the Doctor and greets him with a slap on the shoulder.*)

ABSTRACT

Hello, Doctor!

DOCTOR

(*Turns.*)

Oh! You came so unexpectedly! But I'm not surprised.

ABSTRACT

Why are you so phlegmatic and sorrowful?

DOCTOR

(*Agitatedly points toward* "HE".)

Do you see that fellow? He is the cause. He bothers me with the formulas. Since he started to visit me I feel that I am losing my faith, hope, and love. I am so angry that I feel like burning all the chemistries in the world. I would, if I couldn't see in them the great wonders of God.

ABSTRACT

(*Soothingly.*)

My dear friend, don't be so discouraged. (*Pauses,*

then speaks.) I have a wonderful idea! There is a great dramatic opera tonight. Let us go.

DOCTOR

It is after midnight! It is time to sleep. Your proposals are always eccentric.

ABSTRACT

(*To* "HE".)

Well, Trouble-maker, what do you say? Would you like to go to see a good play? I know you are quite a critic.

"HE"

Wait until I have finished these formulas.

ABSTRACT

I am the manager of the play. Just a few seconds ago I came from the endlessness of worlds. I am about to return. Come, get ready, Doctor.

DOCTOR

I will not go (*Points to* "HE".) if "HE" is going.

ABSTRACT

Oh, stop! This is an old story. Shake hands for tonight. It is a great play. We will all go together.

"HE"

I don't care; I'm not angry.

(*Leaves table where he is working and shakes hands with the Doctor.*)

ABSTRACT

(*Half-smiling.*)

Doctor, I'm telling you before-hand, there is some complex food in this production. If you are not able to digest all that you will see and hear there, you'd better stay away and continue to sleep. I must announce the play. Are you ready?

(*Steps to window and gives bugle call; silence.*)

DOCTOR

(*Sitting in the chair, meditatively sighs, deeply and audibly.*)

ABSTRACT

(*Goes to the center of the stage, motions to the Doctor and says in an undertone firmly.*)

Follow me into the endlessness of worlds.

(*Quick change from light to darkness on the stage. Bugling.*)

ABSTRACT

(*Emphatically.*)

Citizens of the earth and different planets, come to see "THE CHILDREN OF THE UNIVERSE", the dramatic opera that is now staged. All are welcome. But he who is not able to digest all that he will see and hear had better remain asleep. Let the blind and deaf stay at home. You will have to live a million years a minute and walk with us a million miles

an inch. Remember this: that in all the worlds you will see the five principal figures: LIFE and DEATH, TIME and SPACE, and MYSTERY.

(*Thundering and lightning.*)

CURTAIN

THE CHILDREN OF THE UNIVERSE.

ACT ONE

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE—Hills, valleys, rivers, steppes, prairies, plains, oceans, cities, streams, deserts, skies lighted with stars, moving planets,—all constantly moving.

Time—morning, noon, evening, and night; Spring, Summer, Fall, and Winter,—changing in their order.

LIFE, DEATH, MYSTERY, TIME, and SPACE are walking energetically thru the changing seasons and spaces.

The moving of the scenes and seasons stops upon the Earth.

ACT ONE

SCENE TWO—A bright Spring morning in a beautiful valley.

In the distance a large forest, in which birds are singing. On the right side a hill. Below the hill, a stream.

On the hill sits UNIVERSE with an iron rod in her right hand, waving it from side to side. Around her is moving MYSTERY.

In the center of the valley, an ORCHESTRA, which is scattered about, representing different trees, animals, men, insects, fish, and birds, is playing two numbers:

"The Melting of the Snow"

"The Falling of the Rain"

LIFE and DEATH are dancing gracefully; TIME and SPACE are walking together and talking.

(*Music ceases.*)

TIME

Well, SPACE, we have talked about many things, but I forgot to ask you where we are. What is the name of this place? It seems to be a very small province.

SPACE

Don't you recognize that this is the little province that MAN calls Earth? You said if we study for a while in this province, we will hear and see many queer things of the same sort, which we have seen and heard in other small and large places.

TIME

Earth? Ha, ha, ha, ha! I remember this province very well now. I will tell you the truth—I do not know where I have had the best laugh, on this Earth or in other places.

(*Laughs heartily.*)

Ha, ha, ha, ha! I remember I could not understand what the inhabitants of Mars, Mercury, Saturn, Jupiter, and many other provinces were talking about to one another and asking, "What time is it?" I thot they wanted to insult me; for instance on Jupiter, when the question, "What time is it?" was asked, some one answered: "Half past ninety billion, twenty-five million, nine hundred thousand, one hundred twenty-six revolutions". And on Saturn I heard some one say, "Fifty million o'clock." Wasn't it funny? I wondered where they got those calculations! Small were their measurements! But I do not feel

the same now. After wandering over millions of centers and provinces I noticed smaller calculations. On the last place I found them making me less than ten million. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

SPACE

What do we care? I, too, felt small when I heard on Saturn that the space of our mother, the UNIVERSE, is only three hundred sixty-five million worlds, and then stops. I thot, "Oh, how small are the ideas of those planet-walkers!" But later I noticed smaller notations—less than ten million planets!

TIME

Yes, this is a matter of opinion which depends upon the size of their unit of measure. We know that the microbes have a very different standard of measure of TIME and SPACE. Perhaps it is in some way proportional to the position of the individual in the UNIVERSE.

SPACE

Who is able to know? Who, except MYSTERY?

TIME

My experience leads me to believe that all the little and big provinces are living bodies—organisms. Take for instance the Earth. Think, how many living processes you can find in her!

SPACE

Some of these bodies are a million times larger than the Earth.

TIME

Certainly, and, if the Earth is a living body, her measurement of us—TIME and SPACE—is no doubt a million times as great as that of the bodies living upon her.

SPACE

Yes, nothing is absolute in the world. Everything is relative except two things—the NOTHING and the RELATION.

TIME

Since I know (of course, I can't tell just when I began to know. I am absolutely not able to say when my existence began)—but since I know, all things—the planets, the forms of their substances, such as animals, crystals, plants, men, and bacteria—each one thinks that he is the center of the UNIVERSE, and for him only, only for him, was God working to create all the surroundings.

SPACE

You are right. This is very true. According to their understanding of the purpose of God, they measure Him by their size and image. Take any living form of substance as animal, crystal, or plant—every one of them prays to God in his own way. Every one imagines God according to his morality and ideals.

TIME

Yes, they give Him their personality. For example, take the BACILLUS, one of the greatest and most

intelligent of personalities—she believes that the purpose of God is to bring diseases and decay into the world and that she was created in His image.
And MAN-N-N—

SPACE

Who?

TIME

MAN—a living form with a big imagination in a neglected body, and a weak soul.

SPACE

MAN? Yes, I know him.

TIME

He gives to God his personality and thinks of Him according to his morality and immorality. A short time ago, about four thousand revolutions of the Earth we see he made a cow and knelt to her.

SPACE

Oh, what are you saying? Four thousand! I know of some places in which they are now praying to animals.

TIME

Sh, sh, sh, sh. Here come some of the inhabitants of this planet.

(*Enter a group of five*: BACILLUS, MAN, ANIMAL, PLANT, *and* MINERAL.)

BACILLUS

(*Happily.*)

Brothers and sisters, I cannot understand your logic in thinking that you are the center of the world. Who doesn't understand and who doesn't feel that the bacilli, spirilla, and the different cocci are the central figures of all existence? And that you—all of you—animals, plants, crystals—are created for us? There is no doubt, I am the image and the ideal of God. Our offerings to Him are the beautiful aromatic ptomaines and toxins. Only one thing is bad—the diseases of MAN which cause us much of our work. We are overworked by him. The many dirty, smoky cities with their dark rooms and poor food give us a great field in which to do God's holy work. This work—it is our duty to perform.

(*Prays.*)

Oh, God, I thank Thee for choosing me. Save our nation—the tuberculosis bacillus; save our union—tuberculosis, scrofula, and syphilis. Help us to fight against the cocci, spirilla, and other like nations. Oh, how I hate them all! The spirillum I dislike because when it moves, it takes its little tail with it. The coccus I hate simply because he is not a dipplococcus. Worse than these I hate MAN'S little boy, KNOWLEDGE, for he has begun to follow me too closely. Oh, God, help me to make stronger the ptomaines. Amen.

MAN

Ha, ha, ha, ha! Oh, you—all of you! I am the

central figure in the world. Nine thousand six hundred seventy-two years, three months, four days, three hours and twenty-three and a half seconds ago, when God created the world, He created me and then He created you for me. If you doubt this, I have the necessary evidence to prove my statements. It is so written in the oldest of our books.

(TIME *and* SPACE *are laughing.*)

SPACE

Oh, TIME, stop! You started to laugh first. My side still aches from laughing on the other planets.

(*Both laugh.*)

SPACE

I'm afraid so much laughing will make me ill.

TIME

What do you think of MAN'S and BACILLUS' measurements of God's work and God's purposes?

(*Both are still laughing.*)

SPACE

Stop laughing. They will see that we are laughing at them.

TIME

I wonder how you can say such a thing—*they* notice? They have ears but hear not; they have eyes but they see only little things.

ANIMAL

You, BACILLUS, have too great an imagination. MAN, your calculations are false. I remember several hundred thousand revolutions of the Earth ago, we were all living in the forest. You didn't have guns, clothes, nor houses, and you didn't have fire. But you had a beautiful long tail, strong teeth, and sharp claws.

MAN

Stop! Don't say such rough crude things. I am the king of the world under God. I am His image.

ANIMAL

Listen, MAN, let me finish my speech. I say, when you did not have all these things, you were not so despotic and crafty as you are now. You were timid.

MAN

I do not remember such times. Be more accurate, you rough ANIMAL. What do you know about God? Do you pray to God? Do you make offerings to him? Do you have a language and a society?

ANIMAL

We have animals living in societies; they have a high development, are moral and religious, and are well organized. The bees and the ants, tho you couldn't tell me anything about them, for you do not know their language, have their morals, religion, and society; of course they are different from yours as

yours are different from the morals, religion, and society of the inhabitants of Mars, Saturn, or Jupiter.

PLANT

May I say a word?

ANIMAL

Certainly, my dear sister. Tell MAN that he thinks too much of himself. You have the same right before the UNIVERSE as he.

MAN

Oh, you stupid person, PLANT, what could you who have so little expression in your face, possibly have to say?

PLANT

I want to tell you about my religion. I believe that all kinds of animals, bacilli, and crystals were created only for me. When you die, your flesh and bones decay and this promotes my growth. Your liquid parts are evaporating into the air and I absorb them. At the same time, I play the first part in your temporary life in the UNIVERSE. All the living forms depend upon us, for we are the source of food for all of them. MAN doesn't know much about us. Who has more beautiful colors? Who has the best songs and music? Go into our forests when the winds visit us; hear how we pray to God and sing paeans to Him. Take your great artists—Raphael, DaVinci, and Michelangelo. Where did they get their colors? Or take the great musical composers—Beethoven,

Chopin, and Wagner. Is not their music an imitation of the songs of the forest?

MINERAL

(*Innocently and timidly.*)

My dear friends, this is my first speech. I have never been brave enough to speak before; but one of our brothers, our competitor, MAN, has too exalted an opinion of himself and I cannot be silent any longer. I remember nine million, nine hundred ninety-nine thousand, nine hundred ninety-nine revolutions of the Earth ago, he was with us minerals and crystals in the bottom of the sea. He was so small and timid, I could not see any difference between us; and now he has forgotten and doesn't recognize me at all.

(*All are distressed and looking toward* MOTHER UNIVERSE. *All are talking except* MAN *and* BACILLUS.)

ALL

(*One to the other.*)

What do you think of them?

(MAN *and* BACILLUS *go toward the hill.*)

MAN

There is MYSTERY. I want to probe her.

TIME and SPACE

(*Turning toward* BACILLUS *and* MAN.)

Look at the fellows! Look where they are going with their standards of measurements!

(*Speaking forcibly and in a monotone—to* MAN *and* BACILLUS.)

You will never reveal MYSTERY.

(MAN *and* BACILLUS—*they step but make no progress because they are on a moving surface.*)

ALL THE CHARACTERS

(*Looking toward* UNIVERSE.)

Let us go to MOTHER UNIVERSE and ask her who is the chosen and the elected—the center of the UNIVERSE.

MOTHER, MOTHER! Show your justice.

UNIVERSE

(*Speaking firmly and with unvarying emphasis.*)

My CHILDREN, you are all equal. One is no more precious than the other. Do you see this iron rod?

(*Lifts the rod and waves it.*)

This rod rules all the billions of worlds. The iron rod is my law. All are equal before this law. You are all dear to me. Fear not; nothing will be taken from you. That you are all equal is proved every day in your transformation from one form to another. Yesterday a crystal, tomorrow a plant, day after tomorrow an animal, and the converse. Since the worlds were created, nothing has been lost, not

even a grain of dust. All living forms are constantly changing. I have two energetic boys who conduct these changes. You know them—DEATH and LIFE.

(*Points to them.*)

Here they are! They are always seen together. Where LIFE begins, DEATH ends. Where DEATH starts, LIFE stops.

ALL

(*Weeping and wailing.*)

MOTHER, MOTHER, have pity upon us!

(*They wait silently several mintues for an answer.*)

(*Music plays; and softly from the forest comes* PHILOSOPHY *accompanied by* KNOWLEDGE *who has a little express-wagon filled with models of modern mechanical and electrical toys. All look toward them.*)

ANIMAL

Who are they?

BACILLUS

The woman is PHILOSOPHY, the sister of EXPERIENCE; and the boy is KNOWLEDGE, her nephew, the son of EXPERIENCE. He has scrofula and for this reason he lives in the forest. He needs fresh air. Oh, how I hate him!

(*Silence. All look toward* UNIVERSE.)

PHILOSOPHY

Inhabitants of the Earth, we have been watching

here for centuries. There is no use wasting time here. You will have no other answer from MOTHER UNIVERSE. You will see only the waving of the rod.

BACILLUS

(*With suffering.*)

I feel some doubt about this matter. I was sure that I was the center of the world.

PHILOSOPHY

You should recognize that you are all equal. Just as LIFE and DEATH are for everybody, so the sun shines, the rain falls, the wind blows, night and day come, too, for everybody. Take life easier, live in harmony with the Earth!

ANIMAL, MINERAL, PLANT

(*Together.*)

Yes, she is right.

(BACILLUS *and* MAN *sigh audibly.*)

MAN

I am insulted. Was I not created in the image of God?

PHILOSOPHY

(*To* MAN *and* BACILLUS.)

It is your own fault. In the crime is the punishment. He did not create you in His image; you created Him in your image.

(BACILLUS *and* MAN *weep aloud.*)

BACILLUS

I am losing my faith and hope. I thot the world was ruled by righteousness.

PHILOSOPHY

(*Speaking to all.*)

Hear, all of you. The different values that you have created out of your history—the right and wrong, the moral and immoral, the good and bad, the true and false—belong to you. They are your own creations. You have no right to insult God with your small standards. It is absurd that you should imagine One so great as He having such small ideas.

(ANIMAL, MINERAL, *and* PLANT *go into the forest.*)

(BACILLUS *goes to* KNOWLEDGE *and embraces him, laughing at the same time.*)

KNOWLEDGE

Auntie, I don't like her and she embraces me.

PHILOSOPHY

(*In a commanding tone.*)

Take off her veil!

(KNOWLEDGE *starts to take off the veil. They wrestle and* BACILLUS *overcomes* KNOWLEDGE. BACILLUS *arises and walks scornfully away.*)

KNOWLEDGE

(*Rising and weeping.*)

I'll overcome you yet.

CURTAIN.

ACT TWO

ACT TWO

A lake in a forest.

On the left, are trees and underbrush. All about are stumps.

It is late morning; insects are humming; butterflies are flying; frogs are hopping around.

DEATH and LIFE are bathing in the lake. MYSTERY is moving in and out among the trees. TIME and SPACE are seen on the right. MAN and PHILOSOPHY are sitting on stumps. KNOWLEDGE is studying plants and insects.

MAN

I feel very desolate and dark in my soul. Everything seems dim. I am weak as if recovering from a long illness. What is the purpose of life? The answer of UNIVERSE is a good one: "Nothing will be lost. They will take care of you."

(*Points toward* LIFE *and* DEATH.)

Just think what they will do! DEATH will come, perhaps in an hour, tomorrow, or in a week. Then LIFE will build new forms.

(*Sighs deeply.*)

PHILOSOPHY

It is not so bad as you think. It is only a matter of

feelings. As I understand it, we would be happier and more fortunate if we lived more in harmony with the Earth. What UNIVERSE said is true. Why should we be an exception to her rules more than the rest? Look all about you. How wonderful is all creation! How strong and healthy it is! Listen to the songs of the birds and the hum of the insects. Look there in the water—see how it reflects the forest and the sky. It is a fantasy.

MAN

Ah, but I can hear again the words, "Nothing can be destroyed; they (*pointing to* LIFE *and* DEATH) will take care of you."

PHILOSOPHY

I believe that we live forever. I feel that we have been millions of times on the Earth and will be millions of times more. Let us absorb the sublimity of our surroundings.

(*Breathes deeply, enjoying the fresh air.*)

MAN

My throat is dry. I am thirsty. I should like a drink.

PHILOSOPHY

KNOWLEDGE, dear, will you bring MAN a drink?

KNOWLEDGE

Auntie, I have the mixture that mother gave me.

(*He arises and quickly brings a drink in a jar.*)

MAN

What is it?

KNOWLEDGE

Mother calls it "a mixture of great thots and bitter tears." Everyone is not able to taste it. Some who drink the mixture, grow rapidly older; others, grow young.

MAN

(*Drinks the mixture.*)

This makes me feel better. But I will go find a place where I can hide my face and comfort my soul. I feel so old and weak. Faith, hope, and love have left me.

PHILOSOPHY

FAITH, HOPE, and LOVE have not left you, but you have left them. You are a neuresthenic. I will send you to a great physician—but the journey to him is a long one. He is my old friend, HEALTHY REASON. He may be able to help you.

MAN

(*Speaking indifferently.*)

Where does he live?

PHILOSOPHY

Far away. Go thru the forest to a river, swim across, turn to the right, climb the hills and mountains before you, pass thru the valley that leads to the ocean, cross the ocean and you will come to a road

you have never seen—the Road of Thots. There my friend will find you. He quickly recognizes strangers passing over this road.

MAN

(*Speaking with interest.*)

I think I shall begin the journey.

PHILOSOPHY

But do not forget that every step must equal seven hundred miles. You will often be hungry, tired, and thirsty.

MAN

(*Shakes hands with* PHILOSOPHY.)

I am very thankful that you came to me at this time. And you, my little friend, KNOWLEDGE, I thank you for the mixture.

Farewell.

KNOWLEDGE

(*Giving him a flask filled with the mixture.*)

Take this with you.

(*Music plays. Lights change.*)

(MAN *departs.* LIFE *and* DEATH *go before.* MYSTERY *passes thru the forest.* TIME *and* SPACE *move about him.*)

CURTAIN

ACT THREE

ACT THREE

SCENE ONE—Moving picture effect. MAN passes thru valleys, over hills, oceans, steppes, and seas. LIFE DEATH, MYSTERY, TIME and SPACE are with him always.

ACT THREE

SCENE TWO—The moving effect stops at a long road on either side of which are trees. At one side is the travelers' guide post marked—"THE ROAD OF THOTS". Among the trees at the right is a table.

MAN

(*Tired and dusty.*)

This seems to be the place. I am tired, thirsty, and hungry.

(*Removes lunch and flask from knapsack.*)

HEALTHY REASON

(*Appears in road.*)

No doubt you are MAN for whom I have been looking.

(*They sit under a tree by the roadside.*)

MAN

Perhaps I am.....

(*Speaks faintly as tho very fatigued.*)

Greetings from your friend PHILOSOPHY. Oh-h-h! I am so weak and tired!

(*Almost faints.*)

HEALTHY REASON

I am ashamed of you—just like an hysterical girl.

(*Feels his pulse; takes out a small sack containing medicine and instruments.*)

I shall have to examine you. Take off your clothes.

(*Examines him all over. Pauses.*)

Upon examining you I find that you have a very old chronic disease,—by name—the YELLOW DEVIL. And concerning the controversy between your body and your soul, the YELLOW DEVIL is one of the principal causes. So it will be necessary to operate on you to make a complete analysis.

MAN

Oh, operate, cut, anything! I feel so worn out that I have little to lose.

HEALTHY REASON

Come.

(*Leads* MAN *to a table enclosed in black and covered with sheets.* MAN *lies on the table and* HEALTHY REASON *puts on him a mask and gives him an anesthetic.*)

Count—slowly—one, two, three—and you will be asleep.

MAN

(*Slowly.*)

One—two—three———four———five——— Oh-h ah————m———m—m—m—

(*A storm approaches. Wind blows. Trees shake. Thunder and lightning is heard and seen.*)

(HEALTHY REASON *takes a large knife and cuts* MAN *in two parts, from which appear two figures—* BODY *and* SOUL. *Between them is the* YELLOW DEVIL *with outstretched arms. Stage is dim as figures appear.* HEALTHY REASON *continues as if working at the table.*)

BODY

(*An old awkward man, dressed in flesh color. Body is covered with the scars and sores of different diseases. He moves around and smells. He speaks roughly and demands persistently:*)

I want to eat, eat, eat, and drink.

SOUL

(*An old crippled lady with a wrinkled face turned to the left side; dressed in an old black mantle. She carries a cane and is seated upon the stump of a tree. She looks at the sky and speaks sufferingly and coughs.*)

Oh, you coarse BODY! Just as I am about to look at the sky or to dream about something intellectual you start to bother me with your animal wishes, "Eat and drink; drink and eat." I am ashamed of myself that I am in touch with you.

BODY

(*Demandingly.*)

Eat! Eat! Eat! Eat!

(HEALTHY REASON *gives him food.*)

BODY

(*Turning to* SOUL.)

You miserable cripple! You hate me because I am so rough and exacting; but you look better in the face yourself since I ate. Where does your existence begin and how do you exist? Oh, you parasite! You live because I live! Your beginning is in my stomach. You said that I bothered you when you started to think of intellectual things! You stop being my parasite and I will stop bothering you. Could you exist with your intellectuality without me?

SOUL

(*Looking doubtful.*)

I——I—I———

BODY

You don't know yourself,—what you are, who you are,—but I know well who I am and what I need; and I am demanding it. I want to eat! Eat!

(HEALTHY REASON *brings in more food.*)

SOUL

(*Coughs.*)

It is not your business to consider about my origin and my affairs. You are too stupid to consider such great and deep questions. Perhaps if it were not for me, the SOUL, your whole organization would not

work. I want to be independent and I do not recognize your influence over me.

(*Coughs.*)

I am too busy with great intellectual questions to give much consideration to your remarks. My attention is more on the skies and the mysteries beyond the blue horizon. I can conceive of some very great values which you are not able to appreciate.

BODY

(*Laughing.*)

Ha, ha, ha, ha! This is some grand rhetoric! "Independence!" "Looking at the sky!" "Great intellectual questions!" Yes, but why do you look so unfortunate, helpless, old, weak, and crippled? Perhaps you believe there is another existence for you after this existence? If you believe this, then be content. But even then there is no use for suffering in this existence.

(*Moves around, smelling.*)

Oh, I did not sleep enough.

SOUL

You are very prosaic.

(*Takes the cane and tries to move but is unable to do so.*)

SOUL

Oh, I am helpless and tired!

(*Continues coughing; sighs deeply.*)

What shall I do? What shall I do?

HEALTHY REASON

(*Looking toward* SOUL.)

My dear SOUL, don't be so despondent. There is hope if you live in perfect peace with BODY. You are entirely correct about your great values and the wishes that you have; but it is impossible for you to exist out of harmony with BODY. That is the only basis for your good fortune. You see you are so old because you left BODY. Your strength is in him. There is an old saying: "In a healthy body is a healthy soul."

SOUL

(*Sighs deeply and audibly.*)

Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh-h-h— —

HEALTHY REASON

(*Looking toward* BODY.)

BODY, come to SOUL. Don't leave her alone. Forgive her. It is very dangerous for both of you, to stay apart long. I want to finish my operation and analysis. MAN cannot stay long under the anesthetic. Something will happen to both of you.

BODY

Something will happen to me? Look at me! Look

at my wounds, my sores, my scars, and my diseases. Could anything worse befall me? I do not want to go back to SOUL under these conditions.

(*Sounds of thunder, and a storm shakes the trees.*)

No! No! I will not go to SOUL.

(*Vehemently.*)

Oh, Thunder! Thunder! Storm! Storm! Thunder and storm! Storm and thunder Tell the whole world and all the bodies in the world that I do not want to go back to SOUL under these conditions. She is too wise for me. She is too careless with me. No! No! No!

HEALTHY REASON

Do not risk it! It is dangerous! You are on the eve of putrifaction and decay!

BODY

No. No. I am ashamed to go with this miserable crippled old SOUL thru the forest. I am ashamed to have the bodies of the birds, the trees, and the insects see me with her. Am I, BODY of MAN, then, worse than anybody else's body? It is spring. How all the bodies enjoy themselves. SOUL has values there somewhere in the sky; but here on Earth, the SOUL of MAN makes valueless all things that are by nature of great value to me—BODY. I had the same love that every other body has now. But MAN'S

SOUL was ashamed of that love upon the Earth so she has an abstract value of love in the sky but here on Earth she handles my love and sells it. No! I would rather putrify and decay!

SOUL

(*Gets up from the stump and starts to go.*)

No! It is too prosaic for me to let (*coughs*) BODY have any influence over me. I will go to my great thots.

(*Goes two or three steps and drops down.*)

HEALTHY REASON

(*Goes to* SOUL *and raises her up and sets her on the stump.*)

You see you cannot make a move without BODY.

(*Emphatically.*)

SOUL and BODY, you will have to hurry. I cannot hold MAN any longer under the anesthetic. You did not appear in this world by your own free will, neither will you disappear when you wish. And now while you exist, I command you to work together and live in harmony. I force you. You, SOUL, I have no doubt, have some high aspirations without which MAN would not be MAN—I mean the intellectual side of MAN; but even great intellect may be harmful when it works against MAN'S BODY; and a small intellect may be helpful if it works for the good of BODY. Even these feelings depend upon the BODY.

A very small pain may impair clear thot. The understanding of his beauty lies within you. If you will love instead of hate BODY, you will see his beauty.

(*To* BODY.)

You, BODY, must not think that I give you all the right and privileges. No, you must live in harmony with each other. In the union of a healthy BODY and a strong SOUL there is great beauty. Only here can MAN'S fortune begin. I command you both to get on the table.

(*A sound of metal is heard.*)

YELLOW DEVIL

(*Laughing cynically.*)

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! "Beauty." "Harmony." "Healthy union." What kind of delirium is this?

(*Takes out golden coins and throws them on the stage; speaks disgustedly.*)

No. I don't want anything like that.

HEALTHY REASON

You, YELLOW DEVIL, why do you laugh so sneeringly at me?

YELLOW DEVIL

I am laughing at your analysis. I am laughing about the troubles of BODY and SOUL. I hold them both in strong hands. I have poisoned the whole

organism of MAN'S race. I hate the beauty of the SOUL and BODY or any beauty. MAN'S race makes war between country and country, religion and religion, between nation and nation, between class and class, between group and group just to please me.

(*Laughs.*)

MAN'S knowledge is just to please me. I am the ruler of MAN'S existence upon the Earth. Nothing is holy to me. Everything is brought as an offering to me.

HEALTHY REASON

I know you stand in the way of MAN'S development; but your existence depends on old conceptions. A time will come, when I will call you to account. When MAN acquires new conceptions, then I will do my best to cut you out from MAN'S organism.

(*Talks rapidly and restlessly.*)

I tell you I have no time to consider you now, because I must awaken MAN from the anesthetic. He sleeps too long. When MAN awakens, he with me, HEALTHY REASON will do all in his power to destroy your sway.

(*Pushes aside the* YELLOW DEVIL *and puts* BODY *and* SOUL *on the table.*)

(*Change of light.*)

HEALTHY REASON

(*Shakes* MAN.)

MAN! Awaken!

MAN

(*Awakens and sits up.*)

My head—I feel dizzy—I am nauseated.

(*Puts his head on knees.—Then looking up:*)

Doctor, what did you find there?

HEALTHY REASON

(*Feels pulse.*)

I found that SOUL lives separate from BODY and pays too little attention to him. For this reason they do not complete the necessary union and do not please one another. One of the causes of their inharmony is the chronic disease, YELLOW DEVIL, a malady worse than cancer or sarcoma.

MAN

Doctor, is there any hope for me? Shall I ever be strong, healthy and happy?

HEALTHY REASON

It is very difficult to say where and what the fortune of MAN is; but this I will tell you,—you shall not be passive. In your activity and creative power lies your salvation. When you have acquired new concepts of life then you will have to submit to a very necessary operation.

MAN

I can make my BODY better but how shall I cure my faithless, hopeless, and loveless SOUL?

HEALTHY REASON

Only by acting and creating can it be cured. The sun shines forever. If there is no light and warmth in your SOUL, it is not because the sun is out of light and warmth. It is only that you have the wrong conception of life. Create. Create light and warmth in your SOUL. There is great hope in your activity. And thus you will have to work to regain FAITH, HOPE, and LOVE.

MAN

(*Rises slowly from the table with the help of* HEALTHY REASON *and puts on his old clothes.*)

I want a drink. Give me some of my mixture.

HEALTHY REASON

(*Takes the flask; reads the label—"The mixture of bitter tears and great thots;" he smells the mixture.*)

I recognize this mixture. It is the preparation of EXPERIENCE. Her little boy, KNOWLEDGE, gave it to you. It is well that you have it at this time.

(*Takes a cup and fills it with the mixture.*)

Drink at once!

MAN

(*Drinks a little; yawns and stretches.*)

I feel revived and refreshed.

(*Looks around energetically and then down* ; *clothes.*)

HEALTHY REASON

(*Emphatically.*)

Take off those dirty clothes full of superstitions, with patches of old standards of the moral and immoral, the false and true, the good and bad.

(*Gives him more to drink.*)

Change those clothes!

(MAN *drinks at one draught and quickly tears off his clothes. Music plays. He is transformed into a well dressed noble young* MAN *with a sword at his side.*)

HEALTHY REASON

You must have the joy of a child and still have the strength of a lion to struggle with life's battles. Take lessons from both of them.

MAN

I haven't enough to eat or any place to live.

HEALTHY REASON

Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha!

(*Turning to* SPACE.)

SPACE, MAN says he hasn't a place to sleep nor enough to eat.

SPACE

On this Earth there is room and food enough for all inhabitants of Saturn, Mars, Jupiter, and many

other places. MAN has so many inventions that he can provide the comforts of life for all; but he fails to make use of them. Wealth and poverty, the spawn of the YELLOW DEVIL, are known to MAN only.

HEALTHY REASON

The rich are poor as the poor are poor. Both of them are slaves of the YELLOW DEVIL.

(*Points to* MAN'S *sword.*)

Struggle to make both rich and poor understand that greed is not their gain—a full stomach does not make a full MAN.

(*Calling to* TIME.)

TIME! Oh, TIME!

(TIME *comes nearer to him.*)

What do you know about the past, present, and future of MAN'S fate?

TIME

Since I have known MAN, he has gone thru a series of "isms" and at present, is entering upon a new "ism" which is coming irresistibly.

(*To* MAN.)

It is not necessary to fear it, for it is not likely to bring complete fortune to MAN. It may only bring opportunity for good fortune. Who knows what kind of "ism" will be next? None of these, how-

ever, will help MAN unless there is perfect cooperation between BODY and SOUL. We must fight for the future and live today.

HEALTHY REASON

(*Turning to* MAN.)

You see, MAN, TIME and SPACE know some things. They certainly have had a wide experience.

MAN

(*Meditatively.*)

It seems to me that I'll have to begin life anew.

(*Walks around the stage and looks at the guide-post.*)

I wonder—I wonder what kind of a road leads from here.

HEALTHY REASON

(*Going to the guide-post, reads:*)

"Attention. The VALLEY of OPPORTUNITY and BEAUTY lies beyond the forest of SUPERSTITIONS. Go straight thru this immense forest inhabited by the old traditions—snakes, monkeys, mules, wild animals, and scorpions."

MAN

Let us go to the VALLEY.

HEALTHY REASON

(*Pointing to* MAN'S *sword.*)

Examine your sword closely, mobilize and inspect

your army of new CONCEPTIONS before starting on this journey.

(MAN *examines sword; the orchestra gives a military bugle call. Battalion of* NEW CONCEPTIONS *enters.*

In the front rank are FAITH, HOPE, *and* LOVE. *The* NEW CONCEPTIONS *are all brave youths dressed in white with swords on the right side and pistols on the left side.*)

MAN

NEW CONCEPTIONS! NEW CONCEPTIONS! Let us be prepared to meet the army of SUPERSTITIONS in the dark forest. Be prepared to have a long and fierce struggle.

NEW CONCEPTIONS

We are ready! For our independence!

(*They march off enthusiastically.*)

(*Music plays march.*)

CURTAIN

ACT FOUR

ACT FOUR

A dark night.

A forest in which are ditches.

The TRIBE of SUPERSTITIONS dressed in old clothes with many patches lives in these ditches.

Near the front of the stage is a prison with iron-barred windows.

MYSTERY is moving all around.

TIME and SPACE are walking about.

DEATH and LIFE are dancing here and there.

MAN, HEALTHY REASON, FAITH, HOPE, and LOVE and the battalion of NEW CONCEPTIONS are coming in from the left side, walking thru the forest, sometimes stumbling, sometimes falling into the ditches.

A roaring of many sounds and voices is heard, out of which can be heard the exclamation: "Oh-h-h-h-"

HEALTHY REASON

(*Speaking in an undertone.*)

Here we are in the kingdom of the YELLOW DEVIL. This dark forest extends millions of miles in all directions. The night in the forest is very dark and very long. Long—long—thousands of years long.

MAN

There is a smell of old and rotten traditions here.

HEALTHY REASON

Yes, his majesty the YELLOW DEVIL, is the ruler of this dark forest.

MAN

Do you think there will ever be any light here?

HEALTHY REASON

There will be light here when the NEW CONCEPTIONS have won the battle. They will overthrow the throne of the YELLOW DEVIL. But while he reigns, there is no hope for any light. Therefore I am calling you to the land of OPPORTUNITIES. These poor creatures have been wandering for centuries, waiting for you to come and use them.

SUPERSTITIONS

(*Exclaiming.*)

Who is brave enough to go to the land of OPPORTUNITY and BEAUTY? Here are MAN and HEALTHY REASON! (*Sarcastically.*) They are going with the army of NEW CONCEPTIONS!

(*Lightning—more and more. Sounds of roaring are heard.*)

SUPERSTITIONS

They bring light! We do not need light! We are accustomed to our darkness and ditches. They make us uncomfortable! Look at this MAN'S clothes! Why hasn't he the same clothes as we? The great trouble-maker is HEALTHY REASON.

(*Loudly.*)

Chains, chains, chains for HEALTHY REASON!

(*A group of* SUPERSTITIONS *come with chains, overpower* HEALTHY REASON, *and place shackles on wrists and ankles.*)

MAN

(*To* SUPERSTITIONS.)

Listen to me.

HEALTHY REASON

(*To* MAN.)

There is no use arguing with them; the best thing to do is to declare an open fight and to act. I know this very well.

MAN

Are they not able to understand that we want the best for all of them? That we want to bring light into this dark forest only for their comfort and their benefit?

HEALTHY REASON

Oh, MAN! Your question is so naive! Don't you know that just this is the trouble with MAN'S race—that he is not aware of the conception of his own fortune?

MAN

(*Persistently.*)

This I would like to explain to them.

HEALTHY REASON

Try it. But let me tell you a little story. It is a very good illustration of MAN'S race. I am sure you know something of the kingdom of the bees? You know how they live and into how many groups they are divided?

MAN

Yes, I know that in each swarm there are three types: the Queen Bee who rules; the Drones that live only to satisfy the passion of the Queen Bee when she is flying in the fields; and the Workers who are in the great majority. They are born sexless. Their only function is to support the Queen and the Drones.

HEALTHY REASON

I have noticed that the bees live in a dark hive and are satisfied with their darkness and slavery. For, when you try to make a little window or an opening in the hive that will admit the sun's rays, you will hear there a roaring and a buzzing—a kind of fermentation. Then they begin to work to cover the source of light.

MAN

Why is this?

HEALTHY REASON

This question is difficult to answer. Perhaps when light comes, they begin to feel their darkness and slavery. But as they are so accustomed to their darkness, the light makes them very uncomfortable.

MAN

Why did you tell me this story? Men are not born sexless.

HEALTHY REASON

I only drew a comparison. The light that we bring to the forest of SUPERSTITIONS, influences them as the physical light influences the kingdom of the bees.

MAN

But they are bees and these are men.

HEALTHY REASON

Remember that centuries and centuries passed before you were evolved; and you should recognize the fact that your type of man is the advance-guard of MAN. Many men have to take lessons from monkeys.

(*Lightning. A roaring.*)

MAN

(*Unconvinced.*)

I will try anyway. Listen, SUPERSTITIONS, I want to talk to you.

SUPERSTITIONS

(*A group of* SUPERSTITIONS *approach.*)

What talk! What talk! We know your ideas. You are an anarchist. You want to bring in trouble.

MAN

No! No! I have only good wishes for all of you. I forgive you for your roughness to me. But do listen. I want to speak to you only about your old clothes and dark dirty ditches.

(*Some of the* SUPERSTITIONS *throw stones at him.*)

MAN

You live here in the darkness with your old conconceptions as in a hell. Just think, how the beautiful day—from the rising to the setting of the sun—passes here.

SUPERSTITIONS

(*They try to force* MAN'S *thots back by forward motions of their hands, speaking to each other.*)

We do not need the rising of the sun.

MAN

(*Persistently.*)

Take for instance a beautiful spring day, when the sun rises and brings light and warmth; the skies are clear, the birds are singing and twittering, butterflies are flying from place to place, the trees and plants are dressed in their beautiful colors. Look and listen to all of these things. See how wonderfully beautiful they are. Why should you not live in these surroundings as in the garden of Eden? But think how your day passes! Your day is

night as your night is night. Why should you be your own enemy? Go out from this dark forest.

SUPERSTITIONS

(*Talking noisily one to the other.*)

Something is wrong with him. What is he saying? He is crazy! He is so queer.

(*Some approach* MAN *and tap his head in a significant manner.*)

MAN

I forgive you for everything. I was the same as you; but I have passed thru all the ages of MAN'S history and I have wandered thru all the countries of the world. There I became acquainted with the great TIME and the equally great SPACE and I acquired my new CONCEPTIONS. They are my nearest friends. I will introduce them to you if you like.

(*Points toward* NEW CONCEPTIONS.)

(*Lightning and lightning.*)

SUPERSTITIONS

Oh-h-h-h-h-h-h—light, light!

(*They try to shrink away from the light into the darkness.*)

It gives us pain!

(*Many of them throw mud and stones at* MAN.)

(*Behind the stage a sound of clinking metal is heard; there is the sound of an approaching carriage.*)

SUPERSTITIONS

(*Excitedly.*)

His Majesty! His Majesty! His Majesty, the YELLOW DEVIL!

(*Carriage containing the* YELLOW DEVIL *enters from the right side. It is pulled, pushed, and surrounded by* SUPERSTITIONS.)

SUPERSTITIONS

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! His Majesty, the YELLOW DEVIL!

(*Some dance around, others kneel and worship the* YELLOW DEVIL. *One speaks:*)

Your Majesty, here is a man who is preaching heresy. He wants us to live as in the garden of Eden. He says it is hell here. Your Majesty, what do you think about this?

YELLOW DEVIL

My loyal subjects and slaves, for some time I have noticed lightnings and disturbances in my kingdom.

(*Takes from his bag a handful of golden coins and throws them on the stage. Laughs cynically.*)

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! This nonsense and delirium is laughable.

SUPERSTITIONS

He wants to introduce us to the NEW CONCEPTIONS of life.

YELLOW DEVIL

This MAN—he wants to overthrow my throne. He's an anarchist. The real trouble-maker is HEALTHY REASON, whom I met on the Road of Thots. Where is he?

SUPERSTITIONS

Here, here he is!

YELLOW DEVIL

(*Comes to* HEALTHY REASON *and throws gold upon him. The sound of gold is heard.* SUPERSTITIONS *are kneeling and bowing to* YELLOW DEVIL *who steps upon and spits at* HEALTHY REASON. *He claps his hands commandingly and says severely.*)

Imprison HEALTHY REASON, the real trouble-maker! Only bread and water for him.

SUPERSTITIONS

(*Pushing* HEALTHY REASON *roughly to the prison.*)

Oh, you trouble-maker, we will show you!

(*They lock the prison and leave some of the* SUPERSTITIONS *guarding it.* HEALTHY REASON *looks out from the windows.*)

(FAITH, HOPE, *and* LOVE *go to the window and talk secretively.*)

MAN

(*To* FAITH, *meditatively.*)

How do you feel?

FAITH

All right; but my sister, HOPE, is restless. I do not know why.

MAN

(*To* HOPE.)

My dear friend, what is the matter with you?

HOPE

(*Speaking in a low voice to* LOVE; *then turning to* MAN.)

Nothing. I was just speaking to LOVE.

MAN

What did she say?

HOPE

She grieves a little for the doctor, HEALTHY REASON.

MAN

(*To* LOVE.)

Are you suffering?

LOVE

I want to adjust the chains of HEALTHY REASON.

MAN

Do it if you can.

LOVE

(*Going to* HEALTHY REASON, *gives him some flowers. She puts her hands thru the windows and turns the chains on his wrist.*)

MAN

(*To* HEALTHY REASON.)

The chains cause you pain. You are losing your liberty.

HEALTHY REASON

I am used to chains and prison. The SUPERSTITIONS are mistaken if they think that my imprisonment is worse than their dark forest. Their ruler, the YELLOW DEVIL, holds all of them in shackles and imprisonment; and he will rule until MAN'S race accepts the NEW CONCEPTIONS of life. His power is based upon the old conceptions of life.

MAN

(*To* NEW CONCEPTIONS.)

HEALTHY REASON is in prison, HOPE is restless, and LOVE is suffering.

(NEW CONCEPTIONS *murmur to each other.*)

FAITH

(*To* MAN *in an undertone.*)

Try to prove to the SUPERSTITIONS that it is for

their good, to set HEALTHY REASON free; and then we will pass thru the DARK FOREST.

MAN

(*To* SUPERSTITIONS, *making one more attempt to convince them.*)

Listen, SUPERSTITIONS, for your own welfare, set free HEALTHY REASON. We want to go to the VALLEY of OPPORTUNITY and BEAUTY. It is impossible for us to stay here in these dirty ditches. It is unclean! It smells badly! There is no light!

ONE of the SUPERSTITIONS

We have our beauties and our great opportunities. Our beauties are Faith in dogma, Hope in stagnation, and Love in traditions; and to serve the YELLOW DEVIL is our Great Opportunity.

MAN

(*Making one last attempt.*)

I want to....to....to explain.....

(*It lightens.*)

ALL SUPERSTITIONS

(*Motioning him back in a resisting manner.*)

Explain? No. No. We don't need any more explanations.

(*They throw mud and stones at him.*)

MAN

(*Turns toward* NEW CONCEPTIONS, *speaking determinedly.*)

I see that there is only one way to explain. Let us get ready.

(*Takes out the sword and looks at its edge.* NEW CONCEPTIONS *are doing the same and drawing their pistols. They battle with* SUPERSTITIONS *who in like manner draw their pistols.* SUPERSTITIONS *are being driven back into the forest.*)

SUPERSTITIONS

(*Far in the forest, calling.*)

We are many. Our number is legions.

(*Some of the* NEW CONCEPTIONS *are storming the prison, breaking locks and iron bars. They take out* HEALTHY REASON *and remove his shackles.*)

HEALTHY REASON

(*Stretches himself, then grasps the hand of* MAN.)

From today, I shall call you THE MAN instead of MAN.

(THEY *go straight thru the forest and continue the battle; sounds of shooting are continually heard.*)

CURTAIN

ACT FIVE

ACT FIVE

THE LAND OF OPPORTUNITY AND BEAUTY

The beginning of dawn in a beautiful valley.

Back of the stage are sounds of shooting as if coming from a distance, for several minutes.

After the shooting ceases, the flapping of wings and the crowing of a cock is heard. Birds are singing.

The orchestra plays softly and quietly: "The Beginning of the Dawn". Then silence.

DEATH and LIFE are dancing gracefully holding each other's hands.

TIME and SPACE are walking about.

MYSTERY is hovering everywhere.

A group of OPPORTUNITIES—all, young maidens with wings—are dancing nymphlike, dressed in colors of rose and white.

CHILDHOOD and YOUTH are in the front of the stage.

From the left side comes THE MAN, hand in hand with HEALTHY REASON.

FAITH limps and is supported by HOPE and LOVE.

NEW CONCEPTIONS are marching in, with swords on their shoulders.

Following them is BACILLUS.

KNOWLEDGE is running after her.

OPPORTUNITIES are saluting THE MAN, to the accompaniment of the music—"Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! THE MAN is coming!" They are happy and excited.

OPPORTUNITIES

(*To* THE MAN.)

We have been waiting and waiting for you—centuries. We are glad to be adopted by you. What is the use of wandering around aimlessly?

NEW CONCEPTIONS

(*Whispering to each other excitedly.*)

A doctor! A doctor!

HEALTHY REASON

What is the matter?

HOPE

DOCTOR, FAITH was wounded in the dark forest and she limps.

HEALTHY REASON

Let me see what has happened to her.

(*Goes to* FAITH; HOPE *and* LOVE *are supporting her under the arms.* HEALTHY REASON *examines her foot.*)

This is nothing. She has a bullet of the SUPERSTITIONS in her right heel. She needs good care to overcome the shock and that is all.

(*To* HOPE *and* LOVE.)

Take good care of her. Here is a prescription for her.

(*Writes and reads:*)

"Meet CHILDHOOD and YOUTH many times a day".

(FAITH, HOPE, *and* LOVE *are speaking to each other.*)

HOPE

(*To* CHILDHOOD *and* YOUTH.)

CHILDHOOD and YOUTH, FAITH is waiting for you. She asked me to call you.

(CHILDHOOD *and* YOUTH *join* FAITH, HOPE, *and* LOVE *and remain with them.*)

HEALTHY REASON

(*Turns toward* NEW CONCEPTIONS.)

My dear friends, let us join OPPORTUNITIES and cheer up FAITH. Our dear HOPE, will you introduce NEW CONCEPTIONS to OPPORTUNITIES?

HOPE

(*To* OPPORTUNITIES.)

Let me introduce to you our battalion of NEW CONCEPTIONS. They are brave soldiers.

(NEW CONCEPTIONS *and* OPPORTUNITIES *bow and shake hands; music plays and they begin a ballet. Couples dance for several minutes.*)

(KNOWLEDGE *is running after* BACILLUS *all the while. He finally overtakes her and pulls off her veil. She weeps. But from the other side, another form of bacillus appears.*)

(NEW CONCEPTIONS *and* OPPORTUNITIES *promenade.*

Pause. Silence for a short time. Music plays for a short while very softly.

PHILOSOPHY *with her scroll in hand, enters at the front of stage.*)

OPPORTUNITIES

Friends, PHILOSOPHY is here.

PHILOSOPHY

I am very glad to meet this whole party here. I came to see my little nephew, the boy KNOWLEDGE. He got so excited, hunting for the little girl, BACILLUS, that he left me.

(*Turns to* KNOWLEDGE.)

Oh, my little boy, why are you so discouraged?

KNOWLEDGE

Auntie, I overcame this BACILLUS; I took off her veil, and for a second I was happy; but another one came.

PHILOSOPHY

(*Points to* DEATH *and* LIFE.)

Don't you see that DEATH and LIFE are together? So it is natural.

(KNOWLEDGE *starts after the other* BACILLUS.)

PHILOSOPHY

(*To* HEALTHY REASON.)

Ah, my old friend. I haven't seen you for a long time. Where have you been?

HEALTHY REASON

Where could I be in the DARK FOREST if not in prison?

PHILOSOPHY

Yes, I see the imprints of chains on your wrists. I sent you a patient, a neuresthenic. How is he?

HEALTHY REASON

Here he is.

PHILOSOPHY

(*To* THE MAN.)

I would not recognize you. There is quite a change in you.

THE MAN

(*Inclining his head to* PHILOSOPHY.)

I appreciate very much your sending me to the DOCTOR.

HEALTHY REASON

My patient made improvements.

(*The sound of a cock crowing and the flapping of his wings is heard.*)

PHILOSOPHY

The cock proclaims the dawn.

(*Turns toward* OPPORTUNITIES, *nods to them; they acknowledge the greeting.*)

(*To* HEALTHY REASON.)

I have great confidence in these maidens. If MAN would only adopt them, there would be a great change.

(*To* OPPORTUNITIES.)

How are you?

OPPORTUNITIES

Very well, thank you. We have been waiting and waiting for MAN to adopt us.

PHILOSOPHY

(*Goes to* KNOWLEDGE, *looks over the toys in the express wagon and exclaims.*)

Wonderful, wonderful things!

(*Takes a book from the wagon and reads.*)

"Humanity has wealth several hundred times greater than is necessary for all men now upon the

Earth. MAN'S knowledge has made so many discoveries and inventions, that there is an opportunity to give all kinds of comfort and pleasure to every one, even if the number of men should be several thousand times greater." Yes, I know that your mother gave you many great inventions, but I have not time to look at them now.

(*Embraces* KNOWLEDGE.)

Well, dear, I am leaving you here, while I am gone.

KNOWLEDGE

Where are you going, auntie?

PHILOSOPHY

I am going to visit the flowers of the fields and sing hymns to Nature.

KNOWLEDGE

Auntie, I will go with you.

PHILOSOPHY

No, dear boy, stay here with MAN. It is time you were serving MAN for his benefit. I will ask HEALTHY REASON to take care of you.

(*Takes* KNOWLEDGE *by the hand and leads him to* HEALTHY REASON.)

I want to ask something of you.

HEALTHY REASON

What is it, my friend?

PHILOSOPHY

Here is my little nephew, KNOWLEDGE; I want you to take care of him. He is a very bright boy. Look at his discoveries and inventions.

(*Points toward the wagon.*)

The trouble with him is, that he has cruel inclinations and commits many crimes.

HEALTHY REASON

Where is his mother?

PHILOSOPHY

My sister, EXPERIENCE,—oh, if you only knew how hard she is working all the time. She works for Lady History. She serves her faithfully. If you only knew how difficult it is to raise and develop her little boy, KNOWLEDGE—and it worries her greatly!

HEALTHY REASON

What is the matter?

PHILOSOPHY

(*Pointing toward the wagon.*)

Do you see these toys? Just think how many great thots and how much hard work his mother invested in them! Each thot is thousands of years

old. There are mothers and mothers! Some mothers when they want a toy for a child, spend copper, silver, or gold; but this boy's mother, EXPERIENCE.....

HEALTHY REASON

What did she do?

PHILOSOPHY

She herself made the original of these. Her purpose was that KNOWLEDGE should give comfort and pleasure to MAN and not destroy him.

HEALTHY REASON

Does he have destructive inclinations?

PHILOSOPHY

In spite of the fact that EXPERIENCE is faithfully laboring for Lady History, KNOWLEDGE is kept in the back yard. History seldom calls him for the benefit of MAN, but more often, calls him to assist in destruction.

HEALTHY REASON

Perhaps it would be a good idea to place KNOWLEDGE in a reformatory.

PHILOSOPHY

Could you expect to find such an institution in the dark forest, where everything is so influenced by SUPERSTITIONS?

HEALTHY REASON

It is very doubtful.

PHILOSOPHY

So, I am asking you to kindly care for my nephew, KNOWLEDGE. It would be a good idea to take him often to this Land of Opportunity.

HEALTHY REASON

(*Putting his arm about* KNOWLEDGE.)

I shall do my best.

PHILOSOPHY

(*Embraces* KNOWLEDGE.)

Obey HEALTHY REASON. I am going.

HEALTHY REASON

Before you leave, let us see our patient, FAITH. She limps a little and is nervous.

(PHILOSOPHY *and* HEALTHY REASON *go to* FAITH, HOPE, *and* LOVE *who are with* CHILDHOOD *and* YOUTH. HEALTHY REASON *feels* FAITH'S *pulse.*)

PHILOSOPHY

(*To* FAITH.)

What is the the matter with you?

FAITH

The darkness and wilderness of the Kingdom of

the YELLOW DEVIL in the immense forest makes me nervous.

PHILOSOPHY

I think you will find that the prescription which HEALTHY REASON gave you will help you greatly.

(*Turning to all the characters.*)

Friends, I am leaving you. My best wishes to you all. I would like to meet you more often in this land.

(*Goes to* HOPE, *caresses her cheek and says*:)

Dear HOPE, keep for your view-point the Land of Opportunity and Beauty.

(PHILOSOPHY *leaves.*)

(*A shouting is heard beyond the stage.*)

MAN

Who can it be?

LOVE

I recognize by the sounds that these are your relatives.

(*The shouting continues.* LOVE *goes out toward the sounds.*)

LOVE

(*Re-enters.*)

Here they are.

MAN

You said relatives? Why should they come now?

LOVE

(*Interrupting.*)

They are persistent.

MAN

(*Decisively.*)

Let them come in.

PLANT, ANIMAL, MINERAL

(*Entering.*)

We are here to remind you of our relationship to you.....

CURTAIN

EPILOG

EPILOG

The laboratory—as before.

Music is softly playing.

Semi-darkness.

Thunder and lightning.

ABSTRACT, "HE", and the DOCTOR appear.

"HE"

(*To* ABSTRACT.)

And you are the manager of this production?

ABSTRACT

The manager and author, too. After all, I see it is easier to write a play than to manage it. I wanted to stage this as a dramatic opera but there was no time to make arrangements with a composer.

(*More thunder and lightning.*)

ABSTRACT

(*Turns and speaks as if in a dream and yet forcefully.*)

Friends, citizens of the earth and other planets, I have been traveling from the endlessness of worlds.

I raced to Europe; there I felt sure I would have a larger audience.

(*Lowers his voice to a whisper.*)

In Europe, you know, industry is not so advanced and there are more visitors and lovers on the Road of Thots. But I had to change my route, for at this time the temperature is so high there, that gold is melting. And when gold is in the process of melting, there is nothing to be said about art.

(*Speaks more rapidly.*)

I must hurry. An aeroplane by the name of IMAGINATION is waiting to carry me back to the endlessness of worlds. On this trip I shall stage the same play on Saturn, Mars, and Jupiter, and other planets. The same principal characters—DEATH, LIFE, MYSTERY, TIME, and SPACE will be represented. The other characters I will leave here as there are different types on the other planets.

Farewell.

(*Music plays*—ABSTRACT *disappears by flying.*)

CURTAIN

END

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